

HUERTA REFUSES DEMANDS WHILE PLAYING FOR TIME

Mexican Provisional President Apparently Would Retire Expressing Defiance

Mexico City, Nov. 21.—The bulk of the evidence at hand indicates that Victoriano Huerta unalterably is determined not to accede to the demand of the United States for his elimination as president of Mexico, but there is basis for the belief that he may at last give in, but in such a manner as to leave the impression that he acted of his own free will, defying Washington to the last.

The high handed parliamentary practice in the chamber of deputies this forenoon gave rise to considerable speculation. The roll of members was called and it was evident that the number necessary for a quorum was present, but Colonel Corral, presiding in the absence of Speaker Corral, presiding in the absence of Speaker Camariz, who is said to be ill, declared there was no quorum. Not a deputy protested and the chamber adjourned until tomorrow.

It was suggested that this action might be part of a plan to bring about a plan to split hairs with the Washington government through John Lind. President Wilson's personal representative, who had insisted that this new legislative house come into existence.

OPERATED ON FOR CANCER

Mrs. J. W. Stapleton, wife of Rev. John W. Stapleton, well known in this county, where they were both raised, has been operated on for a cancer on her breast.

Rev. Stapleton is a son of the late Rev. Isaac Stapleton, and a brother of Price Stapleton of near Exeter.

Mrs. Stapleton is a daughter of Robert Boucher, now of Peirce City, but formerly resided in this county. She was operated on in a Springfield hospital last week.

We trust it may be successful and that she will be restored to good health.—Cassville Democrat.

Newton County Licenses

J. W. Pipkin of Joplin and Grace E. Edmonson of Stella; Clarence B. Allen and Frankie Bennett of Joplin; Sam Christ-holm and Berdia Lewis of Tulsa, Okla.; H. F. Matthews and Letha Boyd of Joplin; J. W. Rideway of Oberlin, Kan., and Artie A. Connor of Yuma, Colo., B. F. Wortman, of Springfield and Ferriba J. Ratliff of Newtonia; Chris Fricke and Millie McKinsey of Joplin; Wm. Hardin of Broken Arrow, Okla., and Mrs. Anna Wilson of Neosho Route. 3.

JESSIE JOHNSON SURPRISED

A number of the friends of Miss Jessie Johnson gave her a surprise party on Friday evening. There was a large attendance and all spent a delightful evening. The young people spent the time in games and dancing and Miss Jessie served a lunch.

WHIST CLUB

Mrs. Flora Kahn was hostess to the Whist Club on Friday afternoon.

The club prize was awarded to Mrs. James Mansfield, and the guest prize to Mrs. Louis Tucker.

SHERIFF SALES

D. S. Mayhew went to Cassville Saturday to look after the sale of several pieces of Monett property, the sales to be made by the Sheriff under special execution to the holders of Monett sewer bonds.

Cause of Insomnia

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

Where There's A Will

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in the Moon," "The Man in the Moon," etc.

Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

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He filled the glass himself and then he came up and stood in front of me, with the glass held up in the air.

"To the best woman I have met in many days," he said, not looking at me, "I was about to lie down and let the little birds cover me with leaves." Then he glanced at the empty dish and smiled. "To buttered popcorn! Long may it wave!" he said, and emptied the glass.

Well, I found a couple of apples in my pantry and brought them out, and after he ate them he told me what had happened to him. He had been a little of everything since he left college—he was about twenty-five—had crossed the Atlantic in a catboat and gone with somebody or other into some part of Africa—they got lost and had to eat each other or lizards, or something like that—and then he went to the Philippines, and got stuck there and had to sell books to get home. He had a little money, "enough for a grubstake," he said, and all his folks were dead. Then a college friend of his wrote a rural play called "Sweet Peas"—"Great title, don't you think?" he asked—and he put up all the money. It would have been a hit, he said, but the kid in the play—the one that unites its parents in the last act just before he dies of tuberculosis—the kid took the mumps and looked as if, instead of fading away, he was going to blow up. Everybody was so afraid of him that they let him die alone for three nights in the middle of the stage. Then the leading woman took the mumps, and the sheriff took everything else.

Well, of course, the thing failed, and he lost every dollar he'd put into it, which was all he had, including what he had in his pockets.

"They seized my trunk," he explained, "and I sold my fur-lined overcoat for eight dollars, which took one of the girls back home. It's hard for the women. A fellow can always get some sort of a job—I was coming up here to see if they needed an extra clerk or a waiter, or chauffeur, or anything that meant a roof and something to eat—but I suppose they don't need a jack-of-all-trades."

"No," I answered, "but I'll tell you what I think they're going to need. And that's an owner!"

I'm not making excuses. I did it for the best. If Mr. Thornburn had not been there, sitting by to see the old sanatorium die so it could sprout wings and fly as a summer hotel, I'd never have thought of it. But I was in despair.

I got up and opened the door, but the snow came in in a cloud, and the path was half a foot deep again. But the angel of providence appeared in the shape of Mike, the bath man, coming down through the snow in a tearing rage. The instant I saw Mike I knew it was settled.

"Am I or am I not to give Mr. Moody a needle shower?" he shouted, almost beside himself. And I saw he had his overcoat over his bath costume, which is a Turkish towel.

"A needle shower followed by a salt rub," said I. "He's been having them for eleven years. What's the matter?" "That fool of a young doctor," shouted Mike, "he told him before he left that if he'd been taking them for eleven years and wasn't any better it was time to stop. Ain't business had enough—only four people in the house takin' baths regular—without his buttin' in!"

"Where's Mr. Moody?" "In the bath. I've locked up his clothes."

"You give him a needle shower and a salt rub," I ordered, "and if he makes a fuss just send for me. And, Mike," I said, as he started out, "ask Mr. Van Alstyne to come out here immediately."

Mr. Van Alstyne came out on the run, and when he saw Mr. Pierce by the fire—that was his name, Alan Pierce—he stopped and stared. Then he said:

"You infernal young scamp!" And with that Mr. Pierce jumped up, surprised and pretty mad, and Mr. Van Alstyne saw his mistake.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" he said. "The fact is, I was expecting somebody else, and in the firelight—" "You surprised me, that's all," said Mr. Pierce. "Under the circumstances, I'm glad I'm not the other chap."

"You may be," assured Mr. Sam grimly. "You're not unlike him, by the way. A little taller and heavier, but—"

Now it's all very well for Mr. Sam to say I originated the idea and all that, but as truly as I am writing this, as I watched his face I saw the same thought come into it. He looked Mr. Pierce up and down, and then he stared into the fire and puckered his

Mrs. B. Vermillion and daughter, of Washburn, are visiting relatives and friends in Monett



There Was a Man Staring In.

mouth to whistle, but he didn't. And finally he glanced at me, but I was looking at the fire, too.

Mr. Sam got up and began to walk the floor, his hands in his pockets. He tried to get my eye, but still I looked in the fire.

"All traffic's held up, Minnie," he said. "The eight o'clock train is stalled beyond the junction, in a drift. I've wired the conductor, and Carter isn't on it."

"Well?" said I.

"If we could only get past to-day."

Mr. Sam went on; "If Thornburn would only choke to death, or—if there was somebody around who looked like Dick. I dare say, by to-morrow—" He looked at Mr. Pierce, who smiled and looked at him.

"And I resemble Dick!" said Mr. Pierce. "Well, if he's a moral and upright young man—"

"He isn't!" Mr. Sam broke in savagely. And then there he sat down and told Mr. Pierce the trouble we were in, and what sort of cheerful idiot Dicky Carter was. And then Mr. Pierce told about the play and the mumps, and how he was stranded. When Mr. Sam asked him outright if he'd take Mr. Dick's place overnight he agreed at once.

Just as they'd got it arranged that Mr. Pierce was to put on Mr. Sam's overcoat and walk down to the village so that he could come up in a sleigh, as if he had driven over from York-ton—he was only to walk across the hall in front of the office, with his collar up, just enough to show himself and then go to his room with a chill—just as it was all arranged, Mr. Sam thought of something.

"The house people are waiting for Dick," he said to me, "and about forty women are crocheting in the lobby, so they'll be sure to see him. Won't some of them know it isn't Dick?"

I thought pretty fast.

"He hasn't been around much lately," I said. "Nobody would know except Mrs. Wiggins. She'll never forget him; the last time he was here he put on her false front like a beard and wore it down to dinner."

"Then it's all off," he groaned. "She's got as many eyes as a potato."

"And about as much sense," said I. "Fiddlesticks! She's not so good we can't replace her, and what's the use of swallowing a camel and then sticking at a housekeeper?"

"You can't get her out of the house in an hour," he objected, but in a weak voice.

"I can!" I said firmly.

(I did. Inside of an hour she went to the clerk, Mr. Slocum, and handed in her resignation. She was a touchy person, but I did not say all that was quoted. I did not say the kitchen was filthy; I only said it took away my appetite to look in at the door. But she left, which is the point.)

Well, I stood in the doorway and watched them disappear in the darkness, and I felt better than I had all day. It's great to be able to do something, even if that something is wrong. But as I put on my shawl and turned out the lights, I suddenly remembered. Miss Patty would be waiting in the lobby for Mr. Dick, and she would not be crocheting!

CHAPTER IV.

Whoever has charge of the spring house at Hope Springs takes the news stand in the evening. That's an old rule.

After I ate my supper I relieved Amanda King, who runs the news stand in the daytime, when she isn't laid off with the toothache. Mr. Sam was right. All the women had on their puffs, and they were sitting in a half-circle on each side of the door. Mrs. Sam was there, looking frightened and anxious, and standing near the card-room door was Miss Patty. She was all in white, with two red spots on her cheeks, and I thought if her prince could have seen her then he would pretty nearly have eaten her up.

Mr. Sam came to the news stand and he was so nervous he could hardly light a cigarette.

"I've had a message from one of the detectives," he said. "They've traced him to Salem, Ohio, but they lost him there. If we can only hold on this evening—! Isn't that the sleigh?"

Everybody had heard it. The women sat up and craned forward to look at the door: Mrs. Sam was sitting for ward clutching the arms of her chair. She was in white, having laid off her black for that evening, with a red rose pinned on her so Mr. Pierce would know her. Miss Patty heard the sleighbells also, and she turned and came toward the door. Her mouth was set hard, and she was twisting her ring as she always did when she was nervous. And at the same moment

Mr. Sam and I both saw her; she was in white, too, and she had a red rose tucked in her belt!

Mr. Sam muttered something and rushed at her, but he was too late. Just as he got to her the door opened and in came Mr. Pierce, with Mr. Sam's fur coat turned up around his ears and Mr. Sam's fur cap drawn well down on his head. He stood for an instant blinking in the light, and Mrs. Van Alstyne got up nervously. He never even saw her. His eyes lighted on Miss Patty's face and stayed there. Mr. Sam was there, but what could he do? Mr. Pierce walked over to Miss Patty, took her hand, said, "Hello there!" and kissed her. It was awful.

Most women will do anything to save a scene, and that helped us, for she never turned a hair. But when Mr. Sam got him by the arm and led him toward the stairs, she turned so that the old cats sitting around could not see her and her face was scarlet. She went over to the wood fire—our lobby is a sort of big room with chairs and tables and palms, and an open fire in the winter—and sat down. I don't think she knew herself whether she was most astonished or angry.

Mrs. Biggs gave a nasty laugh. "Your brother didn't see you," she said to Mrs. Van Alstyne. "I dare say a sister doesn't count much when a future princess is around!"

Mrs. Van Alstyne was still staring up the staircase, but she came to herself at that. She had some grit in her, if she did look like a French doll. "My brother and Miss Jennings are very old friends," she remarked quietly. "I believe that was what she thought, too. I don't think she had seen the other red rose, and what was she to think but that Mr. Pierce had known Miss Jennings somewhere? She was dazed, Mrs. Sam was. But she carried off the situation anyhow, and gave us time to breathe. We needed it."

"If I were his highness," said Miss Cobb, spreading the Irish lace collar she was making over her knee and squinting at it, "I should wish my fiancée to be more—er—dignified. Those old Austrian families are very haughty. They would not understand our American habit of osculation."

I was pretty mad at that, for anybody could have seen Miss Patty didn't kiss him.

"If by osculation you mean kissing, Miss Cobb," I said, going over to her. "I guess you don't remember the Austrian count who was a head waiter here. If there was anything in the way of osculation that that member of an old Austrian family didn't know, I've got to find it out. He could kiss all around any American I ever saw!"

I went back to my news stand. I was shaking so my knees would hardly hold me. All I could think of was that they had swallowed Mr. Pierce, bait and hook, and that for a time we were saved, although in the electric light Mr. Pierce was a good bit less like Dicky Carter than he had seemed to be in the spring-house by the fire.

Well, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Everybody went to bed early. Mr. Thornburn came over and bought a cigar

on his way upstairs, and he was as gloomy as he had been cheerful before.

"Well," I said, "I guess you won't put a dancing floor in the dining-room just yet, Mr. Thornburn."

"I'm not in a hurry," he snapped. "It's only January, and I don't want the place until May. I'll get it when I'm ready for it. I had a good look at young Carter, and he's got too square a jaw to run a successful neurosthenics home."

I went to the pantry shelf at ten o'clock and fixed a tray of supper for Mr. Pierce. I found some chicken and got a bottle of the old doctor's wine—I had kept the key of his wine-cellar since he died—and carried the tray up to Mr. Pierce's sitting-room. He had the old doctor's suite.

The door was open an inch or so, and as I was about to knock I heard a girl's voice. It was Miss Patty!

"How can you deny it?" she was saying angrily. "I dare say you will even deny that you ever saw this letter before!"

There was a minute's pause while I suppose he looked at the letter.

"I never did!" he said solemnly. "Perhaps," said Miss Patty, "you also deny that you were in Ohio the day before yesterday."

"I was in Ohio, but I positively assert—"

"Mr. Carter, I have asked my question twice now and I am waiting for an answer."

"But I don't know the answer!" he said miserably. "I—I assure you, I'm absolutely in the dark. I don't know what's in the letter. I haven't always done what I should, I dare say, but

my conduct in the state of Ohio during the last few weeks has been without stain—unless I've forgotten—but if it had been anything very heinous, I'd remember, don't you think?"

Somebody crossed the room, and a paper rustled.

"Read that!" said Miss Patty's voice. And then silence for a minute.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Pierce. "Do you deny that?"

"Absolutely!" he said firmly. "I—I have never even heard of the Reverend Dwight Johnstone—"

"And that is all you will say?" demanded Miss Patty scornfully. "You don't know; there's a mistake; you never saw the letter before! Oh, if I were only a man!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Mr. Pierce said, with something like hope in his voice. "We'll send for Mr. Van Alstyne! That's the thing, of course. I'll send for—er—Jim."

Mr. Van Alstyne's name is Sam, but nobody noticed.

"Mr. Van Alstyne!" repeated Miss Patty in a dazed way.

I guessed it was about time to make a diversion, so I knocked and walked in with the tray, and they glared at me.

"I've brought your supper, Mr. Carter," I began. Then I stopped and stared. "Oh," I said.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pierce, very uncomfortable. "Just put it down anywhere."

I stalked across the room and put it on the table. Then I turned. "I'm sorry," I said, "but it's one of the rules of this house that guests don't come to these rooms. They're strictly private. It isn't my rule, but if you will stop down to the parlor—"

Mr. Pierce took a quick step toward Miss Patty and looked down at her.

"About—what happened downstairs to-night," he stammered, with the unhappiest face I ever saw on a man, "I—I've been ready to knock my fool head off ever since. It was a mistake—a—"

"My letter, please," said Miss Patty, looking back at him without a blink.

"Please don't look like that!" he begged. "I came in suddenly out of the darkness, and you—"

"My letter, please!" she said again, raising her eyebrows.

He gave up trying then. He held out the letter and she took it and went out with her head up and scorn in the very way she trailed her skirt over the door-sill. But I'm no fool; it didn't need the way he touched the door-knob where she had been holding it, when he closed the door after her, to tell me what ailed him. He was crazy about her from the minute he saw her, and he hadn't a change of linen or a cent to his name. And she, as you might say, on the ragged edge of royalty, with queens and princes sending her stomachs and tiaras until she'd hardly need clothes. Well, a cat may look at a king.

He went over to the fireplace, where I was putting his coffee to keep it hot, and looked down at me.

"I've a suspicion, Minnie," he said, "that, to use a vulgar expression, I've bitten off more than I can chew in this little undertaking, and that I'm in imminent danger of choking to death. Do you know anybody, a friend of Miss—er—Jennings, named Dorothy?"

EAT ONIONS SAYS HETTY GREEN

The Woman Financier's Sure Recipe for Health and Longevity.

New York, Nov. 21.—Eat onions and don't worry. That is the recipe for health and longevity handed out today by Mrs. Hetty Green, millionaire woman financier, on her seventy-eight anniversary.

There was a baked onion on the desk before her today as Mrs. Green received scores of mail and telegraph congratulations in her office home. Mrs. Green pointed to it with a smile.

"If more people ate onions there would be less sickness. I am never without my onion and never will be."

Asked what other rules she observed to be so young looking and active at 78, the famous woman said:

"Have a clear conscience. Fear God. Do justice to everybody. Avoid intoxicants and do not force food on yourself. Get one hundred cents worth out of every dollar you spend."

Mrs. Hattie Pope, who had been visiting for some time with relatives in Monett, left Sunday night for her home in Texas.

Mrs. S. T. Clutter and Miss May Randolph attended the funeral of Charles Guthrie in Peirce City, Sunday.

W. E. Trimble, of Quanah, Tex., was in the city Friday looking for a location for a light hardware establishment. He was well pleased with our city but did not decide on what he would do in the matter. He may return later.

Tuesday evening shortly after dark Rocky Comfort was visited by a shower of grass hoppers. They were of a large variety and fell for several minutes.—Rocky Comfort Independent.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Thrall, who for some time had been at the home of Mr. Thrall's sister, Mrs. C. B. Woodruff, left Sunday morning for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Gay, in Houston, Tex.

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